

# LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, April 29, 1807.

[No. 13.]

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*Life is a blessing or a curse.*

This is a truth to which every son of Adam can attest—and were not some few individuals strangely led away by that unaccountable *nothing*, that phantom of the imagination, called *fatal necessity*, which makes man with all his powers and faculties nothing more or less than a little curious machine, the important truth, that *life may be a blessing*, would gain as entire an assent. But without entering into a metaphysical disquisition to prove it, presuming, that my readers have too much sense to entertain so diminutive an opinion of their nature and consequence, as to fall into the absurd belief of a Necessarian, I would merely suggest a few hints on the importance of rendering our existence the most tolerable and happy.

It is a just observation of an eminent writer, that the different degrees of human felicity depend not on extraneous circumstances; and it is an observation equally correct, that any condition of life, any degree of felicity may be improved. This, all in a certain measure seem to aim at in the employment of time, but few carry it to a very great extent. A great abuse of time and of the human faculties, I have often thought to consist not unfrequently with the generality of mankind, in that, which is devoted to sleep and recreation. My ideas on this subject may, perhaps, appear singular; but I express them with the greater confidence, as the most essential principle advanced, is taken from the great Roman orator and philosopher.

Cicero in his *de Senectute* says, "Jam vero videtis, nihil esse morti tam simile, quam somnum." Nothing is so much like death, as sleep—is a truth, however little regarded, yet of the highest importance. Let us attend a moment to its consideration. Let two persons be taken of the same age—one of whom sleeps nine hours in the twenty-four, the other but six. At the age of sixty-four, the first shall not, in effect, have lived so long as the other by eight years. But this is a paradox, says the reader. I answer, it is not, if the first position be admitted. If it be admitted, that sleep is similar to death, which certainly appears plausible and rational, the conclusion is unavoidable.

Were it optionary with a man, to pass the eight last years of his life in sleep, or to have his existence cut short that space of time by death; I believe the latter would as soon be preferred. I speak with regard to his temporal concerns, without taking into consideration his future hopes or prospects. Not-

withstanding the pleasures many pretend to derive from dreams, and the fine directions, which Dr. Franklin has given, for pleasant dreaming; still, it being all delusion, the time not being realized, as the human faculties are suspended,—certainly every hour spent in sleep must form a complete blank in life. But how many disregard this important truth—how many are ready to cry out with Sancho, "a blessing on his heart, who first invented sleep"—how many, who tremble at the decline of life and look with horror on the approach of death, yet effectually shorten the period of their existence by voluntarily indulging in temporary death.

The gratification, however, of this propensity for 'killing time' is often attempted to be justified by the votaries of *Morpheus* with some shadow of reason. It is said that the promotion of health requires it, that the nature of our constitution makes it indispensable. This is undoubtedly true; it is also equally true, that there is not one person in ten, who does not sleep more than is necessary, or even salutary to health.

Equally pernicious and destructive to morals and to the powers of the human mind, is a too great indulgence in what is termed *recreation*. Both the body and mind, after long and intense application to any particular study, require some relaxation, some freedom from labour. But this should be done with moderation. When carried to the extreme, it becomes fatal to improvement, fatal to virtue, fatal to the happiness of the soul. The man of pleasure, though as injurious to the welfare of society, I have ever regarded with less detestation, than the stupid child of indolence. The one, like the garden-flower, flourishes for a while, and passes away without leaving a trace of his remembrance behind—The other, like the toad-stool, grows up in obscurity, and seems to grow only to die. The life of one is filled with various scenes, which attract a momentary attention,—that of the other is a course of existence void of incident, a space of time left vacant.

Such are the characters, which, to the dishonour of society, constitute but too large a share of its members—and which, it may be emphatically said, *render life a curse*. I would not be thought to border too much on the cold indifference of a stoic, or the severe censure of an over-rigid moralist; but still, would inculcate the necessity of laying due restraint on the inclinations, and of rightly improving the fleeting moments of time.—Pliny, the celebrated Naturalist, is an illustrious example of human industry. "Every moment of time was precious to him; at his meals one of his servants read to him books valuable for their information, and from them

he immediately made copious extracts in a memorandum book. Even while he dressed himself after bathing, his attention was called away from surrounding objects, and he was either employed in listening to another, or dictating himself. To a mind so earnestly devoted to learning, nothing appeared too laborious, no undertaking too troublesome. He deemed every moment lost, which was not dedicated to study, and from these reasons, he never appeared at Rome but in a chariot; and wherever he went, he was always accompanied by his amanuensis. He even censured his nephew, Pliny the Younger, because he had indulged himself in a walk, and sternly observed, that he might have employed those moments to better advantage." Such a man may, in truth, be said to *render life a blessing*.

JASON.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## SORROW.

*How doth the city sit solitary!*

Who can read unmoved the Lamentations of Jeremiah? Every sentiment seems fraught with figure, and every word written with tears. He saw Jerusalem, *once* the ornament and glory of Israel, mouldering to the ground. He saw the streets of Zion, formerly echoing the melodious strains of the pipe and timbrel, clothed with sackcloth; for her king and her princes were among the Gentiles. He saw the flower of the morning fade, man borne to his long home, and the mourners walking the streets. He saw the daughters of Zion disconsolate sitting by the waters, and their harps hanging on the willows.

Virtuous old man! Dignified are thy sorrows, and thy sighs pass not unnoticed. Thy grey hairs shall never cease to command our respect; nor thy tears to excite our sympathy. But grief less distant may arrest our attention. Have we never seen a flower of the morning fade? Have we never seen beauty, the pride of the village, embraced in the icy arms of death? Have we never heard the solemn knell proclaim, that a remnant of mortality was going to its long home? Have we never seen the grave enclose what *once* was beautiful, *once* was lovely? Neither external charms, nor personal accomplishments, welcome the king of terrors. These at his approach fade and disappear. But the beauties of the mind, the embellishments of the soul, are placid and serene in the hour of death, and with a smile hail the grim messenger, who unlocks the gate of immortality; these—these shall bloom upon the grave of virtue, when the roseate cheek and sparkling eye have mouldered to dust.

QUISPIAM.



FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## THE MORALIST—No. III.

ERRATUM.—In the second number of the *Moralist*, read the section from “Can you suppose,” &c. to the end, immediately after “exalted rank in the scale of being,” and before “the old man left him.” Then the number will conclude “as each was taking a solitary walk, and I overheard the following soliloquy.”

*The Soliloquy of Astatos.*

Upon what a new scene have I entered, and what a novel appearance does creation assume—O how insignificant were the pleasures I once enjoyed, while I mingled in the circles of my friends, while I followed the routine of business, or wandered forth alone in these beautiful groves. There was pleasure indeed, but it was frivolous and vain; here was thought, but reflection. Now I turn with disgust from the inanity of my former friends' conversation, but find entertainment in communion with the rational and the wise. I can now look with delight on surrounding nature, for I there find pleasing subjects of contemplation. I can draw instruction from the flower and the bramble, and hold profitable converse with the rivulet and the fountain. Whence this change? My friends, my business, the face of nature appear not to have altered. It is not in them. No, I feel it in myself; I awoke as from a dream; and thanks to that venerable friend who broke the charm and dispelled the delusion. O my stupidity! Why have I wasted so many precious days in the midst of a profusion of more noble objects of enjoyment, and tasted only the insipid cup of sensual pleasure, and gratified a vacant curiosity. I have emphatically “trudged carelessly along, and whistled for want of thought.” But I will make the only reparation in my power. However entertaining the prospect which this new scene presents, it is not a scene for inactivity. I am formed for action; I cannot indeed remain longer an idle and unconcerned spectator in this conspicuous place among the works of God. Neither am I to act without an object, and a plan. Awfully critical is my situation! What shall direct me? Shall I adopt the system of a Philosopher of antiquity, and make *pleasure* my primary object? Shall I set up *myself* as the idol of my heart, and drop the reins on the neck of indulgence? Or shall I assume a stoical indifference to the objects around me, and transform myself into a marble statue to resist their impressions?—Shall the customs or the precepts of others, no wiser than myself, be my guides, without examination? No, I will make use of the *reason* that is given me, and direct myself by its friendly light. This assures me, that I ought to lay the foundation of my plan on a more sure basis. I will consider exactly what I am; with whom, and what, and how

connected; and then determine, as well as I am able, how such a being should demean himself in such a situation. It is true the work is extensive, but I will sketch some of the principal parts.

I find myself curiously and *wonderfully* formed! This *nicely* compacted machine of my body exhibits a wonder of creating wisdom. What *wonderful* connections,—what admirable dependencies!—My limbs adapted to motion, my senses to surrounding objects, the whole capacitated for enjoyment. But my mind is my noble part—This is man's “distinguishing perfection,” an emanation of intellect from the fountain of intelligence. Mysterious indeed is its nature, and incomprehensible its union with this body. But I can perceive its powers and faculties,—I feel its operations.—Perception, Reason, Understanding, Memory, Imagination; these are its properties. With the evils of my nature is interwoven a desire of happiness.—Happiness I will seek—I will seek it within myself and from foreign sources. But I am not alone. I am intimately connected with numerous beings like myself. Each of them has the same capacity and the same desire for happiness with myself. But my most interesting, my most solemn relation is to that incomprehensible Being who made both me and them—Yes, there is a God—On every side I see Him, in every object his name is engraven,—I feel him in myself.—To Him then as my Creator, I am accountable for the use I make of what he has given me, and of all my conduct in this important drama.—His pleasure therefore must be my rule.—The former of a machine must give direction to its motions. But do I know his pleasure concerning me? Are not his designs mysterious? Has he given me any rule of conduct? To the thoughtless and the vain, such as I have hitherto been, he is indeed unknown. But he has given me sufficient knowledge, if I will use it, to shew me the way in which I should walk. This reason I will use to infer his designs. He certainly intends I should use my faculties for the purposes to which they are fitted, and adapt my actions to the station in which he has placed me. This then is the sum of my duty and my highest interest.

I will seek my own happiness. This is my *object*. This I shall accomplish by a sincere and humble reverence toward Him, who endued me with the faculties for obtaining it. To him shall be consecrated my time, my talents, and the first fruits of all my improvements.—My fellow men next claim my regard; and with them, various, and very numerous will be my connections.—What general rule can I apply to these? Shall I not on all occasions prefer my own interest, and make others submit to my sovereign pleasure? No, this is impracticable, and moreover unjust; for it is contrary to the system which Deity has adopted. He has formed us to live together; and admirably calculated our interests to correspond with

each other. This therefore will be the rule.—I will consider my neighbor's happiness as my own, and on all occasions perform those actions to him, which, in a reverse of circumstances, I would desire and expect from him. This must be an infallible guide, for it has the most direct tendency to promote my own happiness, which is my aim, and at the same time harmonizes with the evident design of providence in the system of his operations.—This corresponds with what Philosophers call the “will of God, the greatest good of the whole,” &c. This is “right,” and “agreeable to the fitness of things.”—I cannot therefore hesitate. I see that the will of God is the same as the fitness of things, and that actions in correspondence with these promote, on the whole, my own and my neighbor's happiness.—This shall direct me. And surely it will not be difficult to discover *what* conduct will be agreeable to this rule on most occasions.—If I can retain in myself a supreme regard to this rule, I shall never infringe it.

With regard to myself, the same reasoning will apply. Whatever shall promote my happiness, all things considered, will be my duty.—This rule will lead me to cultivate my mental powers, to improve my benevolent, and subdue my selfish affections—For it cannot be denied but I am possessed of those that are entirely so, and which, indulged, would prove my ruin.—I shall therefore be temperate and calm in my pleasures, and moderate in my desires. I shall not give place in my breast to ambition and avarice;—I shall not revel in the pleasures of the bowl and the banquet.

The same rule will exclude every malice and revenge; for these are opposite both to my own tranquillity and the happiness of others. Let me fulfil, in this way, the designs of Providence in my creation, and at last meet my God in peace. And shall I exist when this frail body shall be laid in its kindred earth? Yes, I feel that I shall never die. This consideration adds renewed strength to all the others. The approbation of my Judge in that world and his favor to eternity, are over-powering ideas—Moreover his displeasure and final punishment I justly dread, and shall as justly experience, if I should act counter to these manifest intentions, and disobey his commands. Surely I am in a state awfully interesting—I am acting for eternity.

## SELECTIONS.

## ON CONTROVERSY.

There is not any particular, perhaps, in which we are more inferior to the ancients, than in the art of controversy. The Philosophers of old, however widely they differed in opinion, generally opposed each other with candor, good-nature, and at least an apparent zeal for truth. Among us, controversy is degenerated into wrangling, and rather tends to perpetuate differences by irritating reflec-



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tions, than to enforce conviction by temperate reasoning. It was a laudable practice among the ancients, to hold public debates on the most interesting subjects, which they canvassed with an amiable freedom of disquisition; and, consequently, grew patient of contradiction. We, on the contrary, being little accustomed to reason out of our closets, are dogmatical in our tenets, and so tenacious of our opinions, that we receive the most distant token of dissent as an affront to our understandings. This malignant pertinacity, has been most observable in our religious controversies. To recount the numerous sectaries which have started up among us since the reformation, would weary recollection. It will be sufficient to observe, that tho' they have all in general agreed, that it is the duty of religion to inculcate charity and moderation, yet their practice has by no means corresponded with their principles. Instead of endeavouring to convince each other by fair and candid arguments, they have perplexed the subject with wilful misrepresentations, and inflamed debate with acrimonious invectives. They have been evidently actuated by the pride of opinion, more than a charitable zeal for piety. Charity, invites converts by mild persuasion: pride, keeps profelytes at a distance, by its arrogance and presumption. [Mon. Rev.]

### ON MANKIND.

Mankind are, in general ungrateful, inconsistent, hypocritical, self-interested, and ready to fly from any appearance of danger. Whilst you are secure, and in a capacity of doing them any good, their lives and fortunes, if you will believe them, are at your service; but, as an ingenious writer says, "If Fortune turns her back on you, they will soon follow her example." This is generally true; but there are yet a few who would not ruin another to whom they are under obligations. *ib.*

### Resolutions when I come to be old.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

Not to marry a young woman.—Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it.—Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.—Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.—Not to be fond of children.—Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.—Not to be covetous.—Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.—Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and weaknesses.—Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.—Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.—To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein; and reform accordingly.—Not to talk much, nor of myself.—Nor to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favor with ladies, &c.—Not to hearken to flatterers, nor

conceive I can be beloved by a young woman; *et eos qui hereditatem captant, odisse ac vitare.*—Not to be positive or opinionative.—Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

BURKE.

I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style, as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly colored and most richly ornamented; but there is elegance in its splendor, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone; but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness. When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, choose a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: there is grace in his anger; for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate the strongest bursts of passion; for even in his madness there is music. *Eng. Pub.*

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so good as common sense: there are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he, that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

## LITERARY.

ROSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

William Andrews, Book-seller, Boston, is about publishing this interesting work by subscription, from the fourth London edition. It will be comprised in three volumes octavo, on wove paper, at 2 dollars and 25 cents in boards.

*Blair's Sermons and Life.*—J. M. Dunham, Boston, proposes to publish, by subscription, SERMONS by the celebrated Dr. Blair, together with a Life of the venerable author. The work will be printed on superfine paper and a new type, in three large octavo volumes, with a correct likeness of the Doctor—at 6 dollars the set.

*English Dictionary.*—Mr Webster, New-Haven, Ct. is now engaged in compiling a large and complete Dictionary of the English language. He has spent much time and property in making researches into the nature and origin of the various languages whence the English is derived; and we understand he has renounced all visionary notions of making or improving any but the *English* tongue. If innovation and ipse dixit-authority be abandoned, we wish him success and encouragement—we never doubted his ability to subserve the true interest of literature.

*Life of Washington.*—Since our last paper was published we have seen it announced in New-York publications, that the *Fifth Volume of the Life of Gen. G. Washington*, with maps and charts, is just published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Wayne.

Messrs. *Brisban & Brannan*, successors to Riley & Co. New-York, have just published second edition of "Memoirs of the Life of Richard Cumberland," &c.—The life of James Beattie, 1 vol. 8vo.—Ewell's Discourse on the laws and properties of Matter, 1 vol. 8—and The Echo, a new and original work consisting of burlesque, political, and literary productions in verse, with fine and highly colored plates, 1 vol. 8vo.

The same Book-sellers have in the press Philosophical and Practical Grammar of English Language, constructed on new principles, developed by the author, in pursuing discoveries of Horne Tooke, and investigating the origin of language, &c. By N. Webster, jun. Esq.

Messrs. Birch and Small, of Philadelphia propose to publish the Wonders of Nature and Art, by the Rev. Thos. Smith, revised, corrected, and improved by Dr. Mease.

*Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetick.*—Zadock Cramer, Book-seller, Pittsburgh, Pa. has just published an edition of this useful and excellent system of mercantile Arithmetick, adapted to the commerce of the U. States, &c. He has also just published the first volume of Brown's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, to which are added, for the first time, Notes, theological, literary, historical, and illustrative. The second volume is in his press.

*A New Novel.*—Proposals are issued at Boston for publishing a new Novel entitled "Irish and Isabella," by a gentleman in that town.

Messrs. Etheridge and Bliss, Boston, will soon publish a new edition of Scott's "Lays of the Last Minstrel," 1 vol. 12mo.

Messrs. Cushing and Appleton, Salem, Mass. propose to publish a "Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East," which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize: by Charles Grant, Esq. A. M. of Magdalen College. It is considered much above the common trash of the press.

*Salmagundi.*—A little work bearing the title of "Salmagundi, or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others," is published every other week in New York. It abounds in wit and humor, and having thrown out something that reflected on Dr. Caustick, the Doctor has returned the fire. A smart contest has ensued, and both sides have displayed great skill and bravery. It is difficult to decide between them—but if they all preserve their temper, it is certain that the public will look on with pleasure and satisfaction. Genuine wit, keen sarcasm and smart repartee drive gloom from the face and heaviness from the heart. [Troy Gazette.]

The 14th number of the Tablet will be published on Wednesday of next week.—Those indebted for the present and former volumes, are requested to make payment.

The poetical production of F— has been received and will have a place in the next Tablet. This production was rather incorrect, and needed some corrections, which we have in part taken the liberty to make.



## LITERARY TABLET.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## E COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

(Continued from page 48.)

Happy love! where love like this is found!  
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage Experience bids me this declare—  
Of Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure  
I spare,

'One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
'In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the  
evening gale."

there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
What can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Wife on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
Where no pity, no relentless ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
child?  
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction  
wild!

At now the supper crowns their simple board,  
The heathsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:  
He soups their only Hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her  
food;

He dame brings forth in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her wheel-hain'd kebbuck,  
fell,  
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the  
bell.

He cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
He fire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn  
air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest  
aim:

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyr's worthy of the name;  
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;  
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;  
Or, Moses bad eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
shed;

How *He*, who bore in Heav'n the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:  
How His first followers and servants sped;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a  
land:

How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;  
And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounc'd  
by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL  
KING,

The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:  
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:  
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide,  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!  
The *Pow'r* incens'd, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But haply in some *cottage* far apart,  
May hear, well-pleas'd the language of the  
soul;  
And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,  
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,  
That *He*, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide;  
But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* pre-  
side.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur  
springs,  
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd  
abroad:  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"  
And *certain*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,  
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind;  
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O *Scotia*! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is  
sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
content!

And, O! may Heav'n their simple lives pre-  
vent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace, may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-  
lov'd isle.

O *Thou*! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted  
heart;

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert:  
But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot-bard*,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and  
guard!

## THE DOVES.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

Reas'ning at every step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way;  
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,  
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
And heard the voice of love;  
The Turtle thus address'd her mate,  
And sooth'd the list'ning Dove:

Our mutual bond of faith and truth  
No time shall disengage,  
Those blessings of our early youth  
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,  
And constancy sincere,  
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,  
And mine can read them there.

Those ills that wait on all below  
Shall ne'er be felt by me,  
Or gently felt, and only so,  
As being shar'd with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,  
Or kites are hov'ring near,  
I fear lest thee alone they seize,  
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,  
And press thy wedded side,  
Resolv'd an union form'd for life,  
Death never shall divide.

But oh! if fickle and unchaste,  
(Forgive a transient thought)  
Thou couldst become unkind at last,  
And scorn thy present lot.

No need of lightnings from on high,  
Or kites with cruel beak,  
Deny'd th' endearments of thine eye  
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,  
Soft as the passing wind,  
And I recorded what I heard,  
A lesson for mankind.

## SONG.—BY GOLDSMITH.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies;  
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

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